
An Arab Gay Experience

I was molested by several men when I was a child. When I became a teenager I became very religious and tried to block my gay fantasies, something which proved to be very difficult. At the same time I was reading a lot of English language publications, such as Time, Newsweek and the Economist. There, I found gay culture and at 19 I decided that I was gay. It took another year for my first adult sexual encounter.

I was in medical school at the University of Jordan. We were studying ophthalmoscopy, the science of how to examine someone's eyes. A colleague proposed that we go to a separate room in the hospital to practice on each other, and we did.

Instead of looking at my eyes he landed at my neck and mouth kissing and biting. I said no but I meant yes. This started a sexual relationship. However, since he was the active partner, he considered himself straight and me gay. There was a little of psychological abuse there.

We lived at the second circle. I started walking at night like most people of the time between the first and third circles. Soon, I discovered people driving slowly behind me and would also follow me into side streets. One guy picked me up and we had sex that night. At the end, he offered me a five dinar bill. I felt like a prostitute and I threw the money in his face. He did not mean harm but I took an offence at it. The guy met me several times after that, I think he liked me but I could never forgive him and he knew it.

All my Arab encounters were with men who were either married or who married later. I felt that to be gay in a western sense is not yet an Arab idea. This was in the years 1983-1989. Please remember the confidentiality issue since I am not out to my family, although I think that they know.

The Following Was received by e-mail from a gay Arab

30.7.98 N.S. @ Ahbab